

The Complaint of a Sinner.

To the tune of the bonny broome.



Chrisť is my lone he loned me,
when I was wretched forlorne
True God from all eternitie,
true man of Virgins bozme:
He pierc'd the Heavens, he came to earth,
for me his blood to spill:
Yet through my finnes I have him lost,
woe worth my stoward will:
The bonny Broome, the well favour'd Broom
the broome bloomes faire on hill:
Him have I lost that loved me best,
my love against his will.

By crooked wapes, my words prophane,
My thoughts to evill inclinde,
Hath made this Love to lightly me,
and shew himselfe unkinde.
Thus doe I spend my dayes in care,
my nights in mourning still:
For looking him that lov'd me best,
'till my stoward will.
me, &c.

Sweet Christ my lone, I must confesse,
the cause of all my paine.
Hath borne my owne disloyall heart,
that would not true remaine:
But sought for pleasure here below,
that soule and body kill:
And brake my promise made to thee,
alas my stoward will.
The bonny broome, &c.

Long have I dwelt in Kedars tents,
and long in Meshech bidden:
And from thy presence full of joy,
my feet have long time stidden,
Yet on my barren heart O Lord,
some drops of Grace vntill:
That I may finde thy lone againe,
and change my stoward will.
The bonny broome, &c.

Oh, let me sorrow for my sinne,
and hate my ruthfull race,
Oh let my silly soule enjoy,
the favour of thy face:
Till thou forget thine unkindnesse,
and I my mourning still,
And with a free reformed heart,
renounce my stoward will.
The bonny broome, &c.

't piece of money lost,
't childe forlorne:
nowing shape O Lord,
o be tozme.
Lord and finde me out,
solo untill,
ngels may reioyce,
will
me, &c.

't the bloody streames,
ounds so wide
by barking deare,
it me guide
full Broome,
hill,
to for aie,
will.
e well favour'd Broom
's faire on hill,
ife amend,
thy will.